NUMB. CCCCLXXIII.

The SPECTATOR.

Quid? ſi quis vultu torvo ferus & pede nudo
Exiguæque togæ ſimulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræſentet moreſque Catonis?

Hor.

Tueſday, September 2. 1712.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I Am now in the Country, and employ moſt 'of my Time in reading, or thinking upon 'what I have read. Your Paper comes conſtantly down to me, and it affects me ſo much, that I find my Thoughts run into your Way; and I recommend to you a Subject upon which you have not yet touched, and that is the Satisfaction ſome Men ſeem to take in their Imperfections, I think one may call it glorying in their Inſufficiency; a certain great Author is of Opinion it is the contrary to Envy, tho' perhaps it may proceed from it. Nothing is ſo common, as to hear Men of this Sort ſpeaking of themſelves, add to their own Merit (as they think) by impairing it, in praiſing themſelves for their Defects, freely allowing they commit ſome few frivolous Errors, in order to be eſteemed Perſons of uncommon Talents and great Qualifications. They are generally profeſſing an injudicious Neglect of Dancing, Fencing, and Riding, as alſo an unjuſt Contempt for Travelling and the modern Languages; as for their Part (ſay they) they never valued or troubled their Head about them. This panegyrical Satyr on themſelves certainly is worthy of your Animadverſion. I have known one of theſe Gentlemen think himſelf obliged to forget the Day of an Appointment, and ſometimes even that you ſpoke to him; and when you ſee 'em, they hope you'll pardon 'em, for they have the worſt Memory in the 'World. One of 'em ſtarted up t'other Day in ſome Confuſion, and ſaid, Now I think on't, I'm to meet Mr. *Mortmain* the Attorney about ſome Buſineſs, but whether it is to Day or to Morrow, faith, I can't tell: Now to my certain Knowledge he knew his Time to a Moment, and was there accordingly. Theſe forgetful Perſons have, to heighten their Crime, generally the beſt Memories of any People, as I have found out by their remembering ſometimes through Inadvertency. Two or three of 'em that I know can ſay moſt of our modern Tragedies by Heart. I aſked a Gentleman the other Day that is famous for a good Carver, (at which Acquiſition he is out of Countenance, imagining it may detract from ſome of his more eſſential Qualifications) to help me to ſomething that was near him; but he excuſed himſelf, and bluſhing told me, Of all things he cou'd never carve in his Life; tho' it can be proved upon him, that he cuts up, diſjoints, and uncaſes with incomparable Dexterity. I wou'd not be underſtood as if I thought it laudable for a Man of Quality and Fortune to rival the Acquiſitions of Artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy Qualities; No, I argue only againſt being aſhamed at what is really Praiſeworthy. As theſe Pretences to Ingenuity ſhew themſelves ſeveral Ways, you'll often ſee a Man of this Temper aſhamed to be clean, and ſetting up for Wit only from Negligence in his Habit. Now

(Price Two-Pence.)

'Now I am upon this Head, I can't help obſerving alſo upon a very different Folly proceeding from the ſame Cauſe. As theſe above-mention'd 'ariſe from affecting an Equality with Men of 'greater Talents from having the ſame Faults, 'there are others who would come at a Parallel 'with thoſe above them, by poſſeſſing little Advantages which they want. I heard a young Man 'not long ago, who has Senſe, comfort himſelf in 'his Ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Orientals: At the ſame Time that he publiſhed his 'Averſion to theſe Languages, he ſaid that the 'Knowledge of 'em was rather a Diminution than 'an Advancement of a Man's Character, tho' at 'the ſame Time I know he languiſhes and repines 'he is not Maſter of them himſelf. Whenever I 'take any of theſe fine Perſons, thus detracting from what they don't underſtand, I tell 'them I will complain to you, and ſay I am ſure 'you will not allow it an Exception againſt a thing, 'that he who contemns it is an Ignorant in it.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

S. P.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Man of a very good Eſtate, and am ho-'nourably in Love. I hope you will allow, 'when the ultimate Purpoſe is honeſt, there may 'be, without Treſpaſs againſt Innocence, ſome 'Toying by the Way. People of Condition are 'perhaps too diſtant and formal on thoſe Occaſions; 'but, however that is, I am to confeſs to you, that 'I have writ ſome Verſes to attone for my Offence. 'You profeſs'd Authors are a little ſevere upon us, 'who write like Gentlemen: But if you are a 'Friend to Love, you will inſert my Poem. You 'cannot imagine how much Service it will do me 'with my Fair one, as well as Reputation with 'all my Friends, to have ſomething of mine in 'the *Spectator*. My Crime was, that I ſnatch'd 'a Kiſs, and my Poetical Excuſe as follows:

I.

Bellinda, ſee from yonder Flowers
The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impair'd in Shew or Smell?

II.

So, tho' I robb'd you of a Kiſs,
Sweeter than their Ambroſial Dew,
Why are you angry at my Bliſs?
Has it at all impoveriſh'd you?

III.

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,
In ſpight of your unkind Reſerve,
To keep my famiſh'd Love alive,
Which you inhumanly would ſtarve.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Timothy Stanza.

SIR, *Aug.* 23. 1712.

'HAving a little Time upon my Hands, I cou'd 'not think of beſtowing it better, than in 'writing an Epiſtle to the SPECTATOR, which 'I now do, and am

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Bob Short.

P.S. 'If you approve of my Stile, I am likely 'enough to become your Correſpondent. I deſire 'your Opinion of it. I deſign it for that Way of 'Writing called by the Judicious the *Familiar*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mr. Burges, Druggeſt, at the Blue Anchor in Fleetſtreet, has received a new Supply of Spa-Water, freſh and good, and certified as ſuch by the Greffier of the Spa, and being taken up from the beſt Well there, can with the greater Certainty recommend it. N. B. He ſells all Sorts of fine Tea's from Holland, and Spaniſh Snuff by wholeſale or retail.

At Woodford in Eſſex, upon Epping-Foreſt, is kept a Boarding-School for young Gentlewomen, by JAMES GREENWOOD, Author of the Eſſay towards a Practical Engliſh Grammar, deſcribing the Genius and Nature of the Engliſh Tongue, giving likewiſe a rational and plain Account of Grammar in general, with a familiar Explanation of its Terms. Sold by S. Keeble, J. Lawrence, H. and J. Bonwick, J. Bowyer, and H. Halſey.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.

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